The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

UNDRESSED kid gloves must be in light shades.

BEADS in profusion are the ornaments most in vogue.

JERSEYS continue to be the most popular London suits.

PARASOLS are cheaper in Europe than on this side of the water.

THERE is a tendency to revive the simple dresses of former days.

HE told her to set her day, and she Saturday for her Weddin's day.

LISLE thread gloves come in great variety; finer finished and cheaper than last year.

SAYS a French critic: I like a girl before she gets womanish, and a woman before she gets girlish.

AN Arkansas woman is now living with her fourteenth husband, and has only worked one county.

FRECKLES are not so bad. It is said that one girl does not object to seeing them on another girl's face.

BRIDAL dresses are made of white satin, with round dots, and trimmed with tulle and orange blossoms.

WE blame inconstancy in woman, but only when we are the victim. We find it charming if we are the object.

WOMEN detest a jealous man whom they do not love, but if angers them when a man whom they do love is not jealous.

WHEN you talk to women you must choose between lying and displeasing them. There is no middle course unless you say nothing.

HELIOTROPE is the prominent color in most elegant toilets, and shirring is the noticeable trimming of all light and semi-diaphanous dresses.

WOMEN who love are always afraid they are not loved. Women who are not loved always flatter themselves that they are loved.—*Louis Desnoyers.*

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS says that an American servant will tie on her veil in a natty, graceful way that an English duchess knows nothing about.

WITH women marked irregular noses signify more than talent with men; and, except in cases of a few, beauty mus' always sacrifice something to genius.

IT was a Chicago woman who first invented the idea of placing the canary bird, stuffed with sawdust, in a place a cat would have to work two hours to get it.

A WIFE no more believes in business which takes her husband away from her than a manager believes in the sickness of an actor, or a publisher in that of a writer.

LUCY HOOPER seems to take a great deal of comfort in saying that the Empress Eugenie has lost her beauty. She had some once, and that is more than everybody can say.

A NEW JERSEY woman was helped out of a lumber wagon at a funeral, and a revolver in her pocket exploded and shot a man in the leg. She said she came prepared to meet tramps.

THE young lady at the sea-side said she had been to see the rollers. Her mamma thought she meant the waves; the young lady and the fellow who kept the bowling alley did not.

WHAT gathering flowers in a wood is to children, that shopping in large towns is to women. To wander from shop to shop, to compare, to choose, to appropriate—it is like gathering flowers.—*Auerbach.*

A PHILADELPHIA servant girl who was washing windows spattered some water on a pedestrian. She apologized, he smiled, and in four weeks they were married. He turned out to be worth $200,000.

THIS is the recherche affair up in Maine, according to the Rockland *Courier:* When a Lewistown young man asks a girl if he may see her home, and she is agreeable, the fair young creature shyly responds: "You are right you may—tip us your fluke."

JEANNE'S mother attempts to dissuade her from marrying a soldier of the line with whom the girl is desperately in love. "A war may come and a cannon-ball may take off his head," she tells her. "Ah, well! a widow at sixteen!" exclaims the daughter. "What is more poetic?"

THE latest rage among young ladies is to possess an old-fashioned spinning-wheel for a parlor ornament. The desire to possess an old-fashioned wash-board and tub as a kitchen ornament doesn't rage much among young ladies. They are about as handsome as the spinning-wheel, but they are not fashionable.

How He Caught Him.

Dana Kenyon, one of the pendiculous pa the Enterprise, was approached before train time by an unknown man who spoke to him as if he had known him for years. "I say, Dana," said he, "I have forgotten my pass, and I want to go to Susquehanna; I am a fireman on the road, you know?" But the conductor told him he ought to have a pass with him. It was the safest way. Pretty soon Dana came along to collect tickets. Seeing his man, he spoke when he reached him, "Say, my friend, have you the time with you?"

"Yes," said he, as he pulled out a watch, "it is twenty minutes past nine."

"Oh, it is, is it? Now, if you don't show me your pass, or fare, I will stop the train. There is no railroad man that I ever saw who would say 'twenty minutes past nine. He would say, 'nine twenty.'"

He settled.

A SURE cure for corns has been discovered, which will be a boon to the suffering. It has been ascertained that the worst case of corns in the world can be cured by washing the feet in clean water every night before going to bed for a month or so. To many people this will seem like one of those desperate emergencies where the remedy is worse than the disease.

YOUNG gent—"Might I ask you, miss—ah—" Miss—"Very sorry, sir, but I'm engaged for the next three dances." Y. G.—"It is not dancing—ah—it is—it's—beg your pardon, miss; you are sitting on my hat."

TO marry when you are sixty a beautiful girl of twenty-two, is to imitate those silly creatures who buy books simply for the pleasure of their friends.—*Adolph Ricard.*

Professional Shoplifters.

"Professional shoplifters," said a New York merchant, "very often wear great cloaks. They can put away a good deal under them. By raising their folded arms under their cloaks they conceal the added size the articles give them. They have a pocket made in the front of their dresses big enough to hold a number of large packages. Why, when we unloaded a woman here one day we took out of that pocket all that a good-sized boy could carry on his outstretched arms. I remember how indignant that woman was when accused.

"I was walking through the store one day when a clerk told me he thought a woman he was serving had stolen some Leghorn hats. I walked up to her and raised one of her arms suddenly. Twenty-two hats fell to the floor. You know what Leghorn hats are? They are made of a kind of grass and fold close together. She had concealed $37 worth. She said she had picked them up on the floor and was going to put them where the rest of the hats were kept. We arrested her.

"The hands of an experienced shoplifter work faster than the eyes of an observer. A Central-office detective standing in the store one day saw a woman putting away silk handkerchiefs. She'd hold one up as if to examine it, and then she'd suddenly pass it into her other hand, and then into a big front pocket with such lightning rapidity that the detective couldn't tell what she was doing, but he thought she was putting them back on the counter. He made a study of the subject and caught her. Shoplifters often steal our valises and baskets, and then go around the store filling them up. We know a good many of the profession. We sent a man to the trial of Mr. and Mrs. Volkener, who were accused lately of an attempt to poison Mr. Blair, of Chatham, N. Y. You remember it was said that Mrs. Volkener and Mrs. Connelly, who lived with her, were shoplifters. He came back and said the face of the big woman (Connelly) was a familiar one in our store.

"The worst thing shoplifters do," he said, in conclusion, "is to steal from our customers. They are very fond of taking pocketbooks and valises. We would a great deal rather they would steal from us, for their victims are sure to give a store where they are robbed a bad reputation. Not long ago a lady who had $128 in a valise rested it on the counter a moment and it disappeared. She found an old one in its place. We believe that the thieves who took it knew that she had the money, and had followed her for a long distance."

Dock Mysteries.

It is not an agreeable sight, the bottom of a ship's dock at low water, but a thought of what is hidden in and under the soft and bubbling mud must give pause to many a mind. Divers and dredgers only are familiar by personal contact with the probabilities of the hidden depth, and their experiences are exceedingly varied. The find may be a watch, a telescope, or whatever is liable to fall over from the rail of a tied-up vessel, or, horrible possibility, a human body. But the curiosities of dredging is the point here. A large steamship dock in East Boston is now being cleaned out, for the first time in the twenty years, and the many finds in the oozy substance, after it has been deposited by the capacious maw of the jaw-like dipper into the scow, are very suggestive. Dishes of all kinds, spoons, knives and forks, are hooked out by the hundred, whole and well-preserved, to say nothing of the myriad particles of broken crockery, scraps of iron, and other *debris*, which serve only to emphasize the ordinary impression of the dredgeman as his "pull" proves disappointing. But the strangest happening of all, and the luckiest fish out of the season, occured this week, one man recovering more than four dozen pieces of tableware without a crack or a stick to mar the beauty of their surface—English crockery of the heaviest and most ornamental description in use on a first-class passenger steamship. Those only who have traveled know the care that is taken on a trans-Atlantic line in table furniture. Dishes and tureens, with their covers fitting, and in one instance a half dozen match dinner plates, with the company arms, were found.—*Boston Transcript.*

Brain Pressure in Schools.

To do something toward remedying brain pressure in schools, the London *Spectator* says that it should be determined beforehand what amount of time may be fairly expected to be required for lessons to be prepared at home—say an hour a day for those under thirteen, and an hour and a half or two hours for those above that age; and parents should be asked to inform the teachers if the time thus fixed is exceeded, in order that the task, if needful, may be reduced in amount. A still more important consideration is the character of the task prescribed. If it consist of new work, and be preparatory to the lesson of the next day, it may present problems which puzzle and distress a slow-thoughted child; especially if he has access to no intelligent help at home. But if, as a rule, those of the school hours, and have for their main purpose to illustrate, deepen and fix what has already been explained, they are not open to the same objection. The main part of the intellectual difficulty should be solved at school with the help of the teacher; the solitary work of the home student should consist of the easier task of recapitulating and methodizing what is already understood.

Admiration.

Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman as a woman; but when she steps out of this character, a thousand things that in their appropriate sphere would be admired become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands the delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity, either in principle or action. These are the traits which are admired and sought for in a woman.

IN A TIME OF TROUBLE.

As an eagle, from the height,
Looking down upon the lands,
On forests black as night,
Fair fields and desert sands,

Sees the traveler below
Losing heart, as, league on league,
Long wilderness show
No end to his fatigue,

So faith, amid her stars,
Beholding far beneath
The bright or gloomy bars
In the web of life and death,

Sees weary hearts that deem
The dark breadth is the whole,
Sees happy hearts that dream
The bright rays all their goal.

Ah! let this faith be ours—
That even 'mid the pain,
Above the present towers,
And sees the bearing gain;

While, breadth by breadth, appears,
As from the weaver's hand,
The pattern of the years
Which God Himself has planned.

DR. DEDLING'S MISTAKE.

"Of course," said young Dr. Dedling, "a man has his own fortune to look to."

"Of course," said Judith; and, as she spoke the words, a cold chill seemed to creep, like slowly-congealing ice, around her whole heart.

"If you had consulted me as to your affair," went on the young man, "instead of taking this extraordinary step, entirely without advice or council—"

"Yes, I know," hurriedly interposed Judith; "but it's over and past now, so perhaps we had better not talk about it."

The red winter sunset was blazing with sullen fire above the cedar copse in the west; the leafless woods held up their black arms, in a sort of wrestling agony toward the sky, as the bleak winds tossed them to and fro, and a solitary raven uttered his ominous croak in the woods at the back of the house.

Dr. Dedling shuddered as he looked around him, and glanced out toward the dreary swamp that extended toward the east.

"Such a place," he said, "for a lady to select to live in!"

"It isn't very cheerful," said Judith, "but I have lived here all my life, you know."

"The more reason for wanting to get out of it now," said the doctor, impatiently.

Judith was silent. She looked at the blazing logs in the old-fashioned hearth, and tried to keep back the fast-rising tears.

Dr. Dedling arose and took up his hat.

"Then I am to consider that our engagement is quite at an end?" said the doctor.

"Yes," said Judith, in a very low tone.

"Good-by!" said Dr. Dedling.

"Good-by!" responded Judith.

The next moment she was alone with the logs, and the crickets chirping on the hearth, and the strange, weird shadows that came and went on the wainscoted walls.

It was just a month to-night since they had buried old Miles Grey out of sight. Little Judith, who had worn herself out in taking care of him, had dropped a few tears on the cheap coffin that incased his remains, but no one else had semed particularly to grieve.

Mrs. Pytchley, her eldest sister, who was married to a New York grocer, had coldly declared that it was high time the old man took himself off the stage of this world, and had made no secret of her disappointment when it was discovered that $1,000 in gold pieces represented all his hoarded wealth, with the exception of the cranberry swamp, upon whose dreary verge stood the house; and this dreary property, by the terms of the will, was to be divided between his two nieces, Judith Gray and Martha Pytchley, as they themselves might agree.

"I'll take the ready money," said Mrs. Pytchley, hastily. "What could I do with three or four miles of cranberry swamp?"

"Or, what could Judith do with it, either?" said Hobart Pytchley, who sat whittling a pine stick beside the fire.

"I dare say she could manage very nicely," said Martha. "I've heard Uncle Miles say that he sold $60 worth of cranberries one year out of the swamp."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Pytchley.

"And that's legal interest on $1,000, you know," added his wife. "What do you say, Judith?"

"It makes no difference to me," said Judith, quietly.

"It does to me, then!" said Mrs. Pytchley; "because, as you know very well, Hobart's business is in the city, and we could do nothing at all with a lot of swamp land down here in the back woods."

So Mrs. Pytchley had taken the lion's share of the old man's bequests and gone back to her city home, over Hobart's grocery; and young Dr. Dedling, who had confidently calculated on at least $500, to buy surgical instruments to fit up an office in the village adjoining—$500 as the dowry of his bride elect—broke his engagement in a pique that Judith should have so deliberately flung her fortune away.

"A set of sharpers!" cried he, with disgust.

"Stop, Dr. Dedling!" said Judith, coloring up. "You forget that you are speaking of my sister and her husband."

"But they had no business to impose on you thus!" exclaimed the doctor.

"I agreed to the plan without remonstrance."

Dr. Dedling shrugged his shoulders.

"Is that," said he, sharply, "you showed your lack of sense! If you had no good regard for yourself, you might have had some for me!"

"Was it for my money you wanted me?" demanded Judith, stung to the quick.

Dr. Dedling colored and hesitated.

"A man must take monetary matters into consideration," he said.

And so it came about that the engagement was canceled, and Judith Grey was sitting there alone in wintry twilight, silently, with clasped hands and head dropped upon her breast.

Doctor Dedling plodded home to the village, and as he passed the brilliant windows of the little hostelry he paused, remembering the bitter cold of the winter air, the frosty influence of the breeze.

"I may as well go in and warm myself," thought he.

Mine host met him with a cheery air.

"Walk in, doctor; walk in!" said he.

"Not that room," as Dedling mechanically laid his hand upon the door-knob of the apartment he usually entered. "The Railway Committee is a sitting there. This way, if you please."

"The Railway Committee!" echoed Dedling. "What Railway Committee? You don't mean that they're actually taking any steps about the old idea of a railway between here and Glassville?"

"Yes, I do," said the landlord. "It's a committee of rich capitalists, as are building factories close to the Falls; and they mean to put up a row of tenement houses all along, and would lay down a line of rails; and don't say I mentioned it, doctor, because I only caught a snitch here and there, when I was carrying in the plates and setting on the fruit and nuts, and wine—but it's to go right through old Miles Grey's cranberry swamp, the railway is! And the Chairman is going to offer Miss Judith $5,000 in good, clean, hard money for her share in it!"

Doctor Dedling started.

"Five thousand dollars!" repeated he, slowly.

Could it really be a fact? If so—and there seemed little reason for doubting it—what a fatal mistake he had made in rejecting a bride who could bring the rich portion of a "cranberry swamp" as her wedding dower. If he had known this half an hour—one little half-hour—ago!

"Don't fret about him, Judith, dear, he isn't worth it!" urged honest Marmaduke Redfield, who had stopped on his way to the postoffice to bring a message from his mother. "He was always a pretentious sort of fellow, all for outside show, with a heart like a stone, and a nature as shallow as Deacon Doler's brook."

Judith looked up at the clumsy, good-hearted, hard-handed farmer, and wondered that she had never before seen what a true face, and what clear, frank eyes he had.

"Forget him, Judith," pleaded Redfield; and she began seriously to think that she would at least make the trial.

"Come over to our house and stay with mother. It's too bleak and lonesome for you here, for the present at least. Spring will be time enough for you to come back to the cranberry swamp."

Judith Grey looked around at the solitary room, and thought of Mrs. Redfield's cozy kitchen, with its bright-colored rag carpet, its window lined with blooming geraniums, and its shrill-voiced canary bird hanging over the work-table.

"Do you think," she hesitated, "that your mother would be willing to be troubled with such a guest as I?"

Duke Redfield's face grew radiant.

"Only try her," he said; "dear Judith, you'd be as welcome as the flowers in May."

And the next day Mrs. Redfield came over in the old farm carryall to claim her guest, and the swamp house was left to its own dreary desolation and the driving snows of January.

Scarcely three weeks had elapsed when young Dr. Dedling came to Redfield farm in his new gig, with the old roan horse, that really made quite a good appearance when you did not hurry him, and he was free from a visitation commonly known as the "heaves."

"There ain't nobody sick here," said Julius, the hired man, who was splitting wood at the side of the house, as he eyed the doctor rather suspiciously.

"No, I know it," said Dr. Dedling; "but I have called to see Miss Grey."

"Miss Grey ain't noways ailin' as I know of," persisted Julius, feeling the edge of his ax, and staring hard at the medical representative of Glassville.

"I have called," said Dr. Dedling, with dignity, "as a friend."

"Oh," said Julius.

"Will you be kind enough to let me in?" persisted the doctor.

"Tain't no use," said Julius, rolling a prodigious pine knot down from the pile, and preparing himself for a stupendous effort; "there ain't nobody to home."

"Nobody at home?" echoed the doctor.

"They've all gone to church," explained Julius.

"To church, man? Why, it's Tuesday."

"Who said it wasn't?" retorted Julius. "They ain't gone to hear service—they is gone to be married!"

"Who?" demanded the doctor.

"Our Marmaduke and Miss Judith!"

And down came the ax upon the end of the pine knot with a crash that made the man of medicine start back.

The new railroad was duly constructed directly across the depth of old Miles Grey's cranberry swamp, and $5,000 was placed to Mrs. Marmaduke Redfield's account in the nearest national bank; and Mrs. Pytchley thinks she made a mistake in taking the gold eagles instead of the cranberry swamp; but young Dr. Dedling thinks his mistake was greater still.

Sand-Showers in China.

Every year witnesses curious sand-showers in China when there is neither cloud nor fog in the sky, but the sun is scarcely visible, looking very much as when seen through smoked glass. The air is filled with a fine dust, entering eyes, nostrils and mouth, and often causing serious diseases of the eye. This dust, or sand, as the people call it, penetrates houses, reaching even apartments which seem securely closed. It is supposed to come from the great desert of Gobi, as the sand of the Sahara is taken up by whirlwinds and carried hundreds of miles away. The Chinese, while sensitive to the personal discomfort arising from these showers, are resigned to them from a conviction that they are a great help to agriculture. They say that a year of numerous sand-showers is always a year of large fertility. The sand probably imparts some enriching elements to the soil, and it also tends to loosen the compact alluvial matter of the Chinese valleys. It is possible that these showers may be composed of microscopic insects, like similar showers which have been noticed in the Atlantic ocean.

"Oh, yes, yes," the old gentleman said rather dubiously, while Laura was telling him about Tom's ability and prospects; "oh, yes, good enough prospects, I reckon, but he lacks energy. There is no 'get up about him. It takes him till one o'clock in the morning to get started." But she only murmured that it showed he was a "laster," with great staying qualities, and then the committee rose.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Pedigree of the Dog.

While considering the problem of the origin of the dog, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institute, in London, Prof. Huxley expressed the opinion that its solution was easy if a beginning was made upon a solid basis of fact. Such a basis of fact was supplied by what was known of the origin of dogs in North America. The Indians of the northwestern parts of America were all in possession of half-tame cur-like dogs, living in the same way as the dogs in Egypt—in a semi-independent condition. In the same country there exists a wild animal—the *Canis latrans*, or prairie wolf. It was somewhat difficult to understand how these wild and fierce animals could be tamed; and yet, when one knew their habits it was easy enough. The smaller wolves and jackals, although predacious and fierce, were endowed with singular curiosity; that curiosity directed them toward man and his doings. There was not one of these animals which, if caught young—whether jackal or small wolf—could not be tamed and made as attached and devoted to man as any ordinary dog. It was not difficult to understand, therefore, how these animals became acquainted with man, how they became trained, and how from them sprang a race of domestic animals which, curiously enough, were far more attached to their masters and the animals with which they were brought up than to members of their own family. If they could depend upon the fact that this one domestic dog originated in the taming of an indigenious wild animal, then the general problem of the origin of domestic dogs would take this form—could they find in all parts of the world in which domestic dogs were known wild stock so similar to the existing race of dogs that there was nothing unnatural in supposing that they had the same origin as the Indian dogs?" They might trace dog-like animals further and further west, until, in Northern Africa, they had a whole series of kinds of dog-like animals, usually known as jackals. He believed that these wild stocks were the source from which, in each case the savages who originally began to tame dogs had derived their stock. This view was confirmed by archæological researches. They had preserved to them, on the mountains of ancient Egypt, a great variety of forms of dogs, and it was sufficient that the further back they went the fewer were the varieties, until, at the time of the third and fourth dynasties—that is about 6,000 years ago—there were only two well marked forms of dogs. One of them was a comparatively small cur-like dog, similar to that which was to be seen in the streets of Cairo at the present day, and the other was like a greyhound. The cur was no doubt a tame species of the wild jackal, which was still to be found in the same country; and with respect to the greyhound, there was in Abyssinia a very long-headed dog which was very much of the same form as the greyhound, and which, it could hardly be doubted, was the source from which it sprang. Assuming that there was no doubt that the origin of dogs could be traced to these sources, the more modified forms of the domestic animal were simply the result of the selected breeding, which had given rise to the same modification in dogs as it had done in the case of pigeons.—*Scientific American.*

The Open Sky.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the soul and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of men is not answered by every part of their organization, but every essentials purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well-watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing some after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food." Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passion—spiritual in its tenderness—almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too painful to be worth of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration.—*Ruskin.*

THERE is a burden of care in getting riches—fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them. And yet we never saw the man who was not willing to bear all these burdens and take all the risks for the sake of riches.

BAKED DESSERT.—Peel and slice apples, stew till done, then run through a colander, sweeten and season. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and just before serving whip them into a quart of the stewed apples. Eat with cream and call for more.

Curious Antipathies.

Being, through an affliction, very much confined to my house, I take delight in being surrounded by domestic pets, and have been much amused by what I thought the whims and affections of my acquaintances. Some start and are ill at ease while my mastiff (who is as gentle as a lamb) lies under my table; some tell me they have an aversion to my parrot—its sometimes startling apropos answers to words that curiously fit in the conversation tarrify them, and they think it "uncanny;" others—and these are many—really cannot sit in the room unless my cat (who is a great pet) is removed. This all seemed so mysterious to me that I searched an old work on the "Affections and Imaginations of the Mind" for its solution, and was rewarded by the following extract, which I send, thinking it may be interesting to your readers. Mr. Chevreux, a celebrated French writer, observes: "How exceeding whimsical some antipathies appear! I have known people to faint on smelling the delicious fragrance of a rose, and yet experience a pleasure in smelling a jonquil or a hyacinth. A certain Governor of one of the frontier towns could not bear the sight of fish-spawn, and a lady whom I knew went into convulsions on seeing a crawfish. Erasmus, who was a native of Rotterdam, had so great an aversion to fish that he could not even smell it without being in a fever. If we may credit Ambrose Pare, a man of some celebrity, he says he could never sit at a table where eels were served up without fainting. Joseph Scaliger never drank milk, Carden could not bear eggs, Julius Cæsar Scaliger had an antipathy to cresses; Uladistas Jagelon, a Polish King, hated apples; and when Du Chesne, secretary to Francis I., smelt them, they occasioned his nose to bleed. Henry III. could not remain in a room where there was a cat; the same aversion was observed in Marshal Shomberg, Governor of Languedoc. The Emperor Ferdinand introduced a gentleman to the Cardinal de Lorraine at Inspruck, whose fear of cats was so powerful that when he heard them mew at a distance blood spurted from his nose. M. de Lauire says that he knew a gentleman whose fear of the hedgehog was excessive, and who believed that that animal had actually been preying on his entrails for more than two years. He also relates another story, equally singular, of a gentleman whose bravery none disputed, but who was so nervous when a mouse appeared that he could not take out his sword to destroy it. Mr. Vaugheim, the King's huntsman in Hanover, fainted when he saw a roasted pig. The philosopher Chrysippus hated bows so much that when he was saluted he fell down. There are persons who cannot tolerate the sight of spiders, and there are those who eat them for amusement. A friend of mine, a gentleman brave as the best, fainted when vaccinated a few months ago. He could not account for it, he said, as of course there was no pain, neither did he feel any repugnance."

A Wonderful Dinner.

A magnificent dinner was that which was given on Feb. 16, 1476, in Naples, by Benedetto Salutati, of Florence, to the sons of the Neapolitan King Ferrene. As a preliminary course there was little gilded cakes of pine kernels, and small majolica bowls, with some kind of a fancy preparation of milk. Then came eight silver platters, with gelatine of capon's breast, ornamented with heraldic devices, the dish for the most distinguished guest, the Duke of Calabria, having a fountain in the middle showering a spray of orange water. The first part of the meal consisted of twelve courses of meats, including venison, veal, ham, pheasants, partridges, capons, chickens and blanc mange. At the close a great silver dish was placed before the Duke, and when the cover was raised a flock of birds flewup. On two enormous platters stood two peacocks, apparently alive, and with tails spread; in their beaks they held burning perfumed essence, and on their breasts were silken ribbons, with the Duke's arms. The second division consisted of nine courses of various sweet dishes, tarts, marzipan and light, ornamental cakes, with hippokras, a kind of spiced wine. There were fifteen kinds of wine, mostly native Italian and Sicilian. At the close of the meal the guests washed their hands in perfumed water, and after the removal of the cloth a mound of green twigs with costly essences were placed on the table, the perfume of which filled the room. During and after the meal there was music and a pantomime. After an hour's pause there was a dessert of confectionery, served in dishes of silver, with ornamented covers of sugar and wax.

Seeing A Man Home.

I picked Simmons up pretty near drunk, and took him home. When I got to his house, as I thought, I shook him a bit, and said, "Here you are." "Right," said he, and gave a big bang to the knocker. Up went a window.

"Who's there?" screamed a woman.

"I have brought the old man home," said I.

"All right!" she cried, and came to the door.

She immediately seized hold of Simmons, and gave him such a shaking that his teeth seemed to rattle in his head.

"Who are you shaking of?" says he.

"Goodness gracious!" cried the woman, "that's not my husband's voice." I immediately struck a match, and she found she had been shaking the wrong man. "There," said she, furiously, "I've been setting up here, expecting my husband home drunk, and now I've been wasting my strength on a stranger."

"Don't he live here?" said I.

"No," said the woman, "he don't."

"What made you knock?" asked Simmons.

"Knock," said he, "you told me to."

"I thought you lived here," said I.

"Glad I don't," said he.

I suppose he was thinking of the shaking he'd had. At last I found where he did live, and got him home. As soon as ever we knocked, out she came. "Oh!" says she, "you're the wretch as makes my poor husband drunk, are you?" and she caught me a slap across the face. I've ever seen a drunken man home since.

STAGE AND COSTUME.

LOTTA, the actress, is reported to be the affianced wife of Clarence Bainbridge, an actor.

THERE is talk of Miss Ada Dyas starring next season in a new play by Joaquin Miller.

MAGGIE MITCHELL'S husband is willing to spend all of his wife's money. The voice of the Cricket is sad.

PAWNEE, the gentleman who was fired out of a gun in Barnum's circus, is now called "the loadstar" of the circus.

MISS JOHN DREW will travel here next season with Jefferson, playing "The Rivals," it is said, the greater part of the time.

MISS KATE FIELD is making a tour with her "Musical Monologue," under the management of Mr. H. J. Sargent, and it is probable she will go as far as San Francisco.

JOE EMERY is at home in his new tenor drum specialty introduced in the last act of "Frits in Ireland." He started in the profession as tenor-drum player with W. W. Newcomb's minstrels, and received the munificent salary of $5 a week for his services.

PAULINE LUCCA, according to a French newspaper, "cares but little for money. Lately an American impresario offered her a million of dollars to make a tour in Australia. But the diva refused, saying that she had money enough to live on, that she liked to sing for the love of art, and that she had no need of Australian gold."

HENRY IRVING, the English actor, asks $100,000 for fifty nights in this country; but at present Longshoremen in New York are only getting $1.50 a day. This country is not buying English, body and boots, so Henry will probably remain at home and help Sullivan complain of a want of taste in the American people.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE new play, "Edgwood Folks," will require a cast of twelve people. Sol Smith Russell will, of course, be the leading feature. Among those already engaged are Charles Rockwell, J. W. Lanergan, Walter Lennox, jr., Sol Smith, B. T. Ringgold, William Warmington, Mrs. Sol Smith, Mattie Earl and Nellie Taylor. They will open the season August 23, at Park Theatre, New York.

F. C. BURNAND: "To adopt the stage as a profession, means to practise the art of acting not merely as a pastime for one's self, and perhaps for the amusement of others, but only for the entertainment of the public, who pay the actor for his trouble, and so make his employment in their service furnish him with the means of living. 'Give me a song,' says the public to the actor, 'and I'll give you your supper.'"

THE London *Sunday Times* says of Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance:" "The secret of the entire work is that it was written down to American tastes, that it succeeded, 'Pinafore,' and was perforce cast in the same mold." Not complimentary, but true. It also adds: "As a writer of opera Mr. Gilbert is eccentric, seeming to inhabit a kind of world whose vanities are to be looked at upside down. Though this is admirable in its way, it does not bear frequent repetition. People become tired of standing on their heads, so to speak, and want to regain their legs; but they will not be able to do so over the 'Pirates of Penzance.'"

THE success Pauline Lucca has met with in Berlin has been almost suffocating. On the night of her farewell performance, in response to loud plaudits, she advanced before the curtain and expressed her gratitude in a few sentences broken by emotion and other considerations. Passing from his box to the stage, the Emperor took the opportunity of thanking Lucca for the great pleasure her singing and acting had given him, and subsequently she was presented, in his name, with a beautiful and costly bracelet, set with diamonds and other precious stones.

CHARLES WYNN has taken some extraordinary liberties with Shakespeare in preparing *Twelfth Night*, for use by Robson and Crane, the comedians. The seventeen changes of scene are reduced to five, but there is more than a mere rearrangement. Much of the material is discarded, and new language and incidents are put in. The most daring of the latter are the tossing of "Malvolio" in a blanket and a duel between "Sir Toby" and "Sebastian." Mr. Webb is kind enough, too, to immediately unite "Sir Toby" to "Maria," the "Duke" to "Viola," and "Sebastian" to "Olivia," at the end of the play.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

As a general thing, those who deserve good luck the least, pray the loudest for it.

My dear boy, select your business friend with grate caushun; once selekted, endorse him with yure bottom dollar.

Beaus seldum fall in luv, but when they do, they are spite for enny regular bizness.

Kards and whiskey reduce all men to the same level, and a very low level, at that.

Good imitators are even more skarse than originals are.

I think I had rather liv in a big city, and be unknown, than exist in a village, obliged to kno evry boddy, or be suspected bi them.

I kan trace all ov mi bad luk to bad management, and I guess others kan, & they will be as honest as I am about it.

An immitashun to equal an original that got to beat it at least 25 per cent.

Learning is very cheap to acquire, for dum cums slo, but sticketh to the ribs.

If yer expekt to succeed in this life yer must make the world think that yer are at work for them, and not for yure self.

You may find very plain looking coquets, but who ever saw a hansum prude.

Life is measured bi deeds, not years, menny a man has lived to be ninety, and left nothing behind him but an obituare notise.

Men luv for the novelty ov the thing, women luve because she kant help it.

There is this excuse for luxury, all luxurys kost money, and sum one reaps the advantage.

The man who kant laff is an animal, and the one who won't is a devil.

A festive old man is a burlesque on all kinds of levity.

Fashion, like every thing else, repeats itself. What is new now, has been new menny times before, and will be again.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

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Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1880.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK,

of Pennsylvania.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,

of Indiana.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

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FOR LIEUT. GOV.—James L. Robinson.
FOR SEC'Y OF STATE—Wm. L. Saunders.
FOR ATTORNEY GEN'L—Thos. S. Kenan.
FOR STATE TREAS'R.—John M. Worth.
FOR AUDITOR—W. P. Roberts.
FOR SUPT. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION—J. C. Scarborough.
ELECTORS FOR THE STATE AT LARGE—Jas. Madison Leach and Fab. H. Busbee.

Seventh District Congressional Convention.

At a meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee of the Seventh District held at Statesville on the 8th of June, a Convention to nominate a candidate for Congress was called to meet in YADKINVILLE on THURSDAY, the 5th of August.

County Convention.

The Democratic party of Forsyth county are hereby called to meet at the Court House in Winston, on *Tuesday, August 10th, 1880*, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Legislature and for County officers. The Democrats of the various Townships are urgently requested to come to the Convention and take part in the selection of the candidates. Let every Democrat in the County who feels interested in the ticket attend the Convention.

By order of the Executive Committee.

M. W. NORFLEET, Ch'm.

July 15, 1880.

—The Democrats have good, solid work to do to carry the State in November next. There is not a doubt about the State's being strongly Democratic, but the trouble has been to get the voters to the polls. In 1872 enough Democrats remained at home, through sheer neglect to have elected Judge Merrimon by 15,000 majority. This gave the State to the Radicals and defeated Mr. Greely. These are historical facts. Shall such a blunder, shall such a crime be repeated in 1880?—*Warrenton Guzette.*

The same blunder will be repeated if Democrats continue to talk about so easily defeating the Republican party as they are now talking. The canvass has commenced entirely too early, and we would suggest that bragging be postponed until about the first of September, and then back it up with hard and determined work from that time till the first of November.

Let no one be deceived. It will take hard work to carry North Carolina, elect our State ticket and seven of the Congressional candidates, and secure a Democratic majority in the State Legislature. The best way is to look facts in the face at the start.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

The above is the plain unvarnished truth. Here in Forsyth County, the Democrats lost by not voting. Yet we hear occasionally a Democrat say "I will vote for him because he is a personal friend and has favored me in times past. This is all wrong. No true Democrat lets friendship or even relationship govern his principles. Vote for the principles you subscribe to and be no half and half Democrat.

Local prejudices should not lead men astray. When a State Convention makes a nomination unanimous, then the party should, to a man, support the candidate. As the campaign progresses, we will keep our patrons posted and we urge them to read and circulate the documents. Remember the PRESS will be sent, to any one remitting 50 cents, till the end of the year, or TEN CENTS A MONTH till the end of the volume.

Democratic Club at Old Town.

A Hancock and Jarvis Club was formed at Old Town on last Saturday afternoon. Fifty-four names were enrolled. A large club of active Democrats will make things lively in that township.

John A. Styess was called to the chair and J. J. Petree was appointed Secretary. J. A. Robinson and E. E. Gray addressed the meeting.

—It is now reported that 320 lives were lost at the late earthquake at Manila.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

So far, everything looks bright and cheering for the Democracy. We will keep our readers well posted.

INDIANA.—The Democratic campaign in Indiana will be opened on the 14th of August, on which day public meetings will be held in every county in the State.

OHIO.—The Democratic State Convention of Ohio met at Cleveland Tuesday with a full attendance of delegates.

The Credentials Committee reported 635 delegates present and no contest.

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following:

Resolved, That the Democracy of Ohio heartily endorse the candidates of the National Democratic Convention, and that we will zealously labor for the election of Hancock and English and for the candidates for State officers this day nominated.

Resolved, That the Democracy of Ohio adopt as their own the National Democratic platform.

NEW YORK.—The New York State committee of the Tammany democrats met at Saratoga on Thursday last to consider matters of importance in the interest of Democratic harmony.

An address was adopted to the party of the State, in which they say the nomination of Hancock has lifted the whole party above embarrassing local and State distractions to a broad national ground, and has blotted out past alienations by a grand hoop! There is now but one party, one cause and one work, in which all democrats should heartily unite, and to which they should devote their utmost zeal.

A resolution was adopted appointing a committee to confer with the chairman of the Democratic State Convention, with a view of having all the members of the New York Democracy fairly represented in the State Convention. Everything points to complete harmony in New York.

Judge Black Compliments Gen. Hancock on Order No. 40.

WASHINGTON, November 30, 1867.—My Dear General: This moment I read your admirable order. I am much engaged, but I cannot resist the temptation to steal time enough from my clients to tell how grateful you have made me by your patriotic and noble behavior. Yours is the first, most distinct and most emphatic recognition which the principles of American liberty have received at the hands of any high officer in a Southern command. It has the very ring of the revolutionary metal. Washington never said a thing in better taste or better time. It will prove to all men that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war." I congratulate you, not because it will make you the most popular man in America (for I dare say you care nothing about that), but because it will give you through all the time the solid reputation of a true patriot and a sincere lover of your country, its laws and its government. This, added to your brilliant achievements as a soldier, will leave you without a rival in the affections of all whose good will is worth having, and give you a place in history which your children will be proud of.

This acknowledgement from me does not amount to much, but I am expressing only the feelings of millions, and expressing them feebly at that.

With profound respect,
I am yours, etc.
J. S. BLACK,

To Major-General Hancock.

More Republican Evidences.

If Garfield is the immaculate person he is now represented to be by the organs, how is it that the Poland Committee and the leading Republican papers have spoken so damagingly of him in the past? What could have moved as staunch and unfaltering a Republican paper as the Albany *Evening Journal* to have written the following, if there were no grounds of suspicion and accusation in the charge against Garfield, and if he did not willfully prevaricate? The *Evening Journal* said this at the time:—*Wilmington Star.*

"Mr. Dawes emerges with a complete vindication. We think Mr. Kelley, Mr. Garfield and some of the others do not stand quite so well. * * What is the nature of the offense? Their wrongs was that they did not fully and frankly tell the *truth*—that they *concealed* and *prevaricated* and *misrepresented*. This is the whole of it. We do not undertake to shield them from the charge of deception. They resorted to it, and they must suffer the consequences."

GUBERNATORIAL.—Judge Buxton, Republican candidate for governor, has resigned his office, and he and Gov. Jarvis have made appointments to meet in joint discussion at several places in the eastern part of the State.

—Hon. W. M. Robbins addressed the Hancock and Jarvis Club at Brown's Hall, Winston, on Tuesday evening last. A large number of our citizens were present, and Mr. Robbins gave one of his best speeches. There is no doubt that he is the choice of the Democrats of Forsyth. The very name of Robbins creates enthusiasm among us.

—The latest news from famine-stricken Ireland is that crops are good and weather favorable.

Member of Congress.

Some speculation has been indulged in as to who would be the Democratic nominee for Congress in this District.

Both the names of Robbins and Armfield will be prominently before the Convention which will meet in Yadkinville, next Thursday, August 5th. Some have even gone so far as to say, better drop both and take a new man, for the sake of harmony in the party. We may be mistaken, but believe that either Robbins or Armfield are the most available, being well known throughout the district. We look upon a change of candidates as very hazardous, as it is the chances seem to be in favor of Robbins.

The Statesville *Landmark* has looked into the matter closely and remarks:

"It will require 72 votes to nominate. As all the counties except Wilkes, (that county being conceded to Armfield) have held conventions and instructed their delegates, the following summary will show how each candidate will stand in the convention:

ARMFIELD.		ROBBINS.	
Alexander	14	Davie	10
Alleghany	5	Forsyth	15
Ashe	11	Rowan	22
Watauga	7	Surry	13
Wilkes	13	Yadkin	8
	—		—
Totals	50		68

Iredell in all probability will go for Robbins, but we will give Armfield half, that will be as much as he can hope to gain, will make the vote stand Robbins 80; Armfield 62. It is claimed by the friends of Armfield that some votes can be taken from Robbins in Davie, Forsyth, Surry and Yaddin.

If this is so a change of 18 is necessary from Robbins to Armfield, which will be hardly made. As it now stands Robbins will be nominated on the first ballot.

—The "outrage mill" set to work, as usual, in the Presidential election year, is at work. The object, we hope, is well understood at the North by this time, and reports of Southern outrages should be received every where with many grains of allowance.

Hancock in 1865.

New York World of Tuesday.

To the Editor of the World:

RALEIGH, June 26, 1880.—Sir:—Not for the first time in the celebrated order No. 40 did the great soldier, Hancock, commend himself to the people of the Southern States. A little research among the orders issued by him while in command of the Middle Military Division in 1865 will bring to light many evidences of his disposition towards his gallant foes, even while the arms were yet being stacked upon the hills of Appomattox. For instance in his order dated at Winchester, Va., April 10, 1866, announcing the surrender of General Lee, and the terms given to the soldiers of the Confederacy, and calling upon all to come in and be paroled, General Hancock says, speaking to the people of the State:

"The Major General commanding trusts that the people to whom this is sent will regard the surrender of General Lee with his army, as General Lee himself regards it, as the first great step to peace, and will adapt their conduct to the new condition of affairs, and makes it practicable for him to exhibit to them every leniency the situation will admit of. Every military restraint shall be removed that is not absolutely essential, and your sons, your husbands and your brothers shall remain with you unmolested."

North Carolina's majority will not fall short of 20,000.

F. H. BUSBEE.

Patriotic Letter.

Of course every reader of a newspaper knows that Col. John W. Forney of Pennsylvania, has been a leading and influential Republican for many years past, and a firm supporter of Grant and Hayes' administrations, and also that he has recently avowed his purpose to support Gen. Hancock, the Democratic candidate, for President. But we wish to call attention to a short letter Col. Forney has written to an old friend in Wilmington, N. C., who was a Confederate during the war. The Wilmington *Review*, which publishes the letter, says that there has been no intercourse between the two since the beginning of the war to the present, until the old Confederate wrote Forney a letter congratulating him on his detirmination, when Col. Forney replied in part as follows:

"My support of Gen. Hancock, the gallant soldier of the Republic and a native of Pennsylvania, is the support of an old friend. I have labored to the best of my ability to secure reconciliation between the North and the South. Another motive apart from those I have named, has led me to my present position. Within the last ten years the Republican party of Pennsylvania has become a mere mob. The men who have control of it are inferior and selfish men, whilst the best material are secluded from all recognition. And I have such reliance on Gen. Hancock's personal integrity and his political character that I do not believe if he were placed at the head of the government he would break down any of the covenants of the war or attempt to invalidate measures rendered necessary by the war. But my chief motive is to insure reconciliation with such men as yourself and with all the people of the South. * * * I am very anxious to take you by the hand, not only in the memory of other days, but to assure you that I am proud to be associated with one whom I so much respect in the great work of the future. 'Let the dead past bury its dead!' And so thinking, while regretting none of my Radical record, I think the part of a true statesman is to obliterate the bad memories and to work henceforward in one common proper for our beloved Union."

These are the words of a true patriot, no matter what his politics may have been. Reconciliation, good will, peace and prosperity, is what every good citizen should work for now, and "let by-gones be by-gones."—*Charlotte Observer.*

The Dawning of Victory.

The uprising in favor of Gen. Hancock, is wonderful to think of. His nomination has filled the country with glorious enthusiasm from Maine to Texas, and everywhere his name is being shouted with joy. The independent papers, such as the Philadelphia *Times*, New York *Herald*, and *Sun*, have wheeled into line, and many Republican journals candidly admit that the Democrats have nominated their strongest and best man. A Democratic victory next fall is a foregone conclusion, and after the fourth of next March, the Republican party will be buried in oblivion. The prediction is now made that there will be as much enthusiasm over Hancock, as there was over the candidates in the old log cabin and hard cider days of 1840, and that he will sweep the country like a whirlwind. Every indication assuredly points to that end now. Col. John W. Forney has endorsed Hancock and predicted his election, and thousands of Republicans do not hesitate to say that as far as the men are concerned they like Hancock better than Garfield. It is admitted on all sides that the Republicans can do nothing in the coming campaign with the bloody shirt doctrine, and as that has been their most effectual argument in past Presidential contests, it can be understood what a blow Hancock's nomination was to them. The Democrats never had a better opportunity to win, and all they have to do is to buckle on their armor and take what is fairly within their reach. Rise up, Democrats, in every city, town and village, and at every cross-roads, and organize. Remember that the liberties of the American people depend upon your exertions in the approaching struggle. Let us have meetings everywhere and speakers on hand who are capable of talking intelligently upon the political issues of the day. Remember that the election of Hancock and English will mean the restoration of civil liberty in this country. It will mean that the days of centralization, fraud, corruption, tyranny and oppression are over in this great republic of ours, and that peace, prosperity and happiness are to smile upon us in the future. Let a wave of genuine enthusiasm be started that will sweep over the North, the South, the East, and the West, and one of the grandest men of the times will be placed triumphantly in the Presidential chair.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

Extracts from Gov. Jarvis' Shelby Speech.

[Raleigh Observer's Report]

In South Carolina and Louisiana the Federal army, as the willing tools of Grant, in a government established by Washington, set up legislatures and defied the will of the people as expressed at the ballot-box. But as if to crown the climax of infamy, and of setting defiance to the expressed will of the people, in 1876, this party actually stole the Presidency of the United States, and seated in the highest office in the gift of the people a man who had been defeated at the polls, and then under the guise of a species of jugglery unknown to our fathers, he rewarded the men who had stolen the office for him. Such is the latter day history of the Republican party. Can such a party be trusted? They have attacked the integrity and purity of the ballot-box, and have made the people the subjects of political tyrants by usurping the sovereignty of the people. Will honest men vote to perpetuate their power? (Cries of no, no, no.)

The Democratic party in the person of Hancock, (pointing to a picture on the wall, amid long, loud and enthusiastic cheers), offers as a candidate for the Presidency a man who even in time of war was an upholder and defender of the rights and privileges granted to the people by the constitution. He preserved the right of trial by jury in Louisiana and Texas, in marked contrast with the provisional Governor of North Carolina, who in 1866 when the war ended and all ought to have been peace and quiet, after peace had been proclaimed; after our representatives in Congress had been chosen; after the military had been withdrawn, under the inspiration of the Republican party, we see the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended; the judiciary exhausted (?) and the civil made subordinate to the military law. Two hundred of the best citizens of the State of North Carolina were thrown into dungeons at the command of the infamous Kirk, military courts were established in Alamance and Caswell counties to try men for offences unknown to the civil law of the State, and men who are familiar with the history of these events know that the courts were organized to convict. Contrast the party whose representatives thus tore down the muniments of the civil law to erect a subservient, truculent military court for partisan purposes, with the man who commanded the military district of Louisiana and Texas, as the representatives of the Democratic party, and who boldly proclaimed: "The right of trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, the liberty of the press and freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons and the right of property must be preserved." Holden the representative of the Republican party, and with its sanction trampled the law under his feet; Hancock, the representative of the Democratic party standing as a sentinel on the watch-tower, upheld the law, and attempted to preserve the constitution. [Cheers.]

The Republican party has always and claims now to be the friend of public education, and when they were in power in 1868 they collected hundreds of thousands of dollars from the people for that purpose. What did they spend for that cause? I defy any man to show me where a single penny was spent for that purpose in 1868, and for an answer I now challenge all the stump speakers and candidates. In 1869, they collected over $200,000 for educational purposes, and expended only $38,000. They were friends of education in collecting the money, but very unfriendly in pocketing it after it was paid to the sheriffs by the people. When the Democrats got into power in the legislature in 1870, its records will show that $174,000 were spent for education the first year, and even more has been spent for this purpose every year since that time. This is the record of the two parties on this question. Which shows up the better?

The Republican party has been driven from power, and there are two ways to restore it to power.

First, vote to restore it, which I am sure you will never do; and, second, restore it by neglecting to vote against it, by observing a criminal apathy on the day of the election.

Twenty Men Drowned in a Tunnel.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 21.—At 5 o'clock this morning the caison surrounding the deep well leading to the entrance of the Hudson river tunnel, in course of construction at the foot of Sixteenth street, in this city, caved in, carrying with it an immense quantity of earth. Twenty men were buried. The workmen resided in the vicinity of the tunnel, and a very large and excited crowd of persons soon gathered. The following is the official report of the Hudson River Tunnel Company, through its engineers, relating to the accident in the tunnel:

"This morning about 4:30 o'clock while the men were changing shifts, that portion of the iron roof adjoining the shaft of the connecting chambers between the two tunnels and the sinking shaft, fell in. Twenty eight men were in the tunnel at the time, of whom eight escaped through the air lock and 20 were killed. The accident occurred at the connection of the iron plate with the brick wall of the working shaft, which during the changing shifts, was probably not watched by the men as closely as it should have been, and the compressed air was allowed to escape. This compressed air is relied upon to assist in supporting the roof, which was also supported by strong timber bracing, and the escape of air has always been prevented by stopping any leaks with waste silt. As the roof fell the plate closed the door of the air lock into the tunnel, and the water rising rapidly, cut of the escape of twenty men, who were killed."

EARTHQUAKE.—An official dispatch dated Manila, July 21st, says that there was another shock of earthquake at that place, which lasted 55 seconds. Not a single public edifice was spared. The convent of Guadaloupe, which had lasted for 3 centuries, was destroyed. Nobody was killed. The inhabitants are encamped outside of town.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY.
THE LEADING COMPANY OF THE WORLD.
Assets, over - - $30,000,000.
Total Claims Paid, SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS.
New York Office, 45 William Street.
DAVENPORT & CO., GENERAL AGENTS,
1113 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
J. A. LINEBACK, Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.
SALEM, N. C.,

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best Illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home Overnight. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages in the business fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

FLORAL PANEL PICTURES,
LILIES OF THE VALLEY,
ROSES and DAISES, CALLA LILIES,
Beautiful ornaments at the
BOOKSTORE.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Hinshaw Brothers,

SHALLOWFORD ST., (OPPOSITE PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE).

WINSTON, N. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, General Merchandise, Guano,

Grass Seeds, Fertilizers and Country Produce.

OUR EFFORTS TO BUILD UP A LARGE TRADE HAS BEEN CROWNED with success, and we have been compelled to double the size and capacity of our former storehouse, which gives us the best arranged and most convenient store-rooms in the State. We have added very many articles to our stock and separated our wholesale department from the retail and made it very complete and we are now pleased to offer to the Spring trade both wholesale and retail a stock, in quality, variety and magnitude, never before equaled in this market, and with our increased facilities and renewed energy, we intend to offer our customers greater inducements than ever before, and by pursuing the same course as heretofore, we hope and expect to achieve still greater results, and to merit the same. We will continue to have in stock a full line of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Calicos	Ladies' H'dfs,	Cottonades,	Putty,	Coffee,
Lawns,	Ladies' Ruffs,	Linens,	Locks,	Sugar,
Piques,	Ladies' Shawls,	Jeans,	Hinges,	Syrup,
Linens,	Ladies' Kid Gloves,	Cassimeres,	Screws,	Soda,
Poplins,	Perfumery,	Doeskins,	Kettles,	Fish,
Worsteds,	Ribbons,	Broadcloths,	Mule Shoes,	Salt,
Cashmeres,	Insertings,	Fries' Jeans,	Horse Shoes,	Meat,
Silks,	Hamburg Edgings,	Counterpanes,	Mattocks, Hoes,	Lard,
Grasscloths,	Plaids,	Shirts & Collars,	Horse Shoe Nails,	Flour,
Swiss Muslins,	Sheetings,	Ties & Suspenders,	Grindstones,	Meal,
Victoria Lawns,	Cotton Yarns,	Pocket Knives,	Oils & Lead,	Kegs,
Jaconets,	Drillings,	Knives & Forks,	Varnishes,	Tubs,
Bl'ched Domestic,	Cambrics,	Nails,	Drugs, Dye Stuffs,	Rope,
Ladies' Ties,	Osnaberg,	Axes,	Pat'nt Medicines,	Corn,
Ladies' Collars,	Flannels,	Hammers,	Leather,	Chop,
Ladies' Cuffs,	Hickory Shirtings,	Saws,	Crockery,	Oats,
Ladies' Hosiery,	Bed Ticking,	Glass,	Stationery,	Rye,

Paints, Notions of every description, White Goods, Trunks and Valises, Sole, Harness and Upper Leather, Blankets, Oil Cloths, Table Linens, Napkins, Umbrellas, &c. A large assortment of all colors and numbers of J. & P. Coats' SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON, always on hand, at same prices and on same terms that it is sold by the largest jobbing houses in America. You will save freight by buying from us. We continue to keep

Best Assortment of ALPACAS in Town,

and offer inducements in Ladies' Dress Goods. We are Sole Agents for the Winchester Cassimeres, Boots and Shoes, which are so well and favorably known that it is only necessary to state that we will offer this year a greater variety of both than ever before. Every pair of Shoes and Boots fully warranted.

It is a conceded fact that we carry a larger and better assorted stock and sell more Boots and Shoes than any house in this county.

Our Wholesale Department will be more complete this year than ever before, and we are fully prepared to meet all competition both here and elsewhere, and ask our country merchants to make a note of this.

20,000 BAGS FOR SALE, ON LIBERAL TERMS, THIS SPRING, OF

ALLISON & ADDISON'S

"STAR BRAND"

COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO.

Dried Fruits & Country Produce taken in exchange for Merchandise

We invite all to come and examine our Stock and Prices before purchasing.

N. H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth,
THOS. H. PEGRAM, Jr., of Winston,
J. W. MARTIN, of Davie,
W. H. BYNUM, of Stokes,
E. F. WALL, of Surry,
Respectfully,

Are with us as Salesmen, and invite their friends and acquaintances to call and see them.

April 10, 1880. HINSHAW BROTHERS

NEW GOODS

AT THE OLD STAND OF F. FRIES,

SALEM, N. C.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY THE INCREASING DEMAND FOR GOODS AT THIS OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE, I have had a buyer in the Northern cities to make selections in person, and now have ready for inspection

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK,

to which I invite the attention of my old

Wholesale and Retail Customers,

and all who may wish to buy.

The stock is FULL in every branch, including

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, &c., &c.

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the attractions, but would particularly call attention to the fine selection of SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, PLAIDS, OPERA, RED AND WHITE FLANNELS, REPELLANTS, CASHMERES, NOTIONS, GENTLEMEN'S & LADIES' FINE MERINO UNDERWEAR, ZIEGLER & BROTHER'S HAND SEWED BOOTS, AND LADIES' VINE SHOES.

I will also sell, as heretofore, the Goods of F. & H. FRIES, HOLT'S, RANDLEMAN'S AND CONCORD PLAIDS. Also the different brands of RANDOLPH SHEETINGS at FACTORY PRICES.

I have the agency for the sale of J. & P. COAT'S CELEBRATED SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON, at PHILADELPHIA PRICES. This thread is acknowledged to have no superior in the market.

I also continue the agency of the justly celebrated

AVERY PLOWS,

which have, by numerous trials, proved to be superior to any heretofore introduced in this section. In addition to their excellence, the price should induce every farmer to buy them.

Give me a call, and I will satisfy you that I intend to sell you

A GOOD BARGAIN

in anything I have to offer, as I have bought exclusively for CASH, thereby giving my customers the benefit of all cash discounts, and will sell my goods at a very short profit.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 23, 1879. H. W. FRIES.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.—Persons wishing to have printing well done, will please call at the PRESS office. We can print as *cheap* as the *cheapest*.

☞ No material change in markets.

—The Amateur Band has a new bass drum.

—J. G. Veach and family are on a visit to the mountains.

—We noticed some fine new sweet potatoes on the market last Saturday and Monday.

—The letter of C. L. R., dated Oakland, Missouri, came to hand too late for this issue.

—Cholera is killing poultry in the upper part of Davidson county. Several farmers lost all their chickens.

—Mrs. Brooks and daughter are at Danbury. Miss Laura Lemly is visiting friends at Farmington, Davie county.

—The Primitive Baptist Association will meet at Abbott's Creek Meeting-house, on Friday before the 4th Sunday in August next.

—The Buelah Baptist Association meets in Waughtown on Friday before the 2nd Sunday in August, and *not* as stated last week.

—The religious services at Mt. Vernon were disturbed by some one throwing a button in at the window. Better stop such mischief.

—In Davidson county, lately, Levi Tesh's horse ran away, throwing Mr. Tesh, his wife and children out, breaking Mrs. Tesh's arm.

—Mrs. Dr. Shaffner and family, and Misses Lou and Sallie Shaffner, and C. W. Vogler have returned home from Asheville.

—Misses L. and A. Van Vleck are at home again, from a pleasant visit to our sister city, Greensboro. The cordial reception these ladies met with at Greensboro, will long be gratefully remembered by them and their friends here.

—The protracted meeting of the Missionary Baptist Church, at Abbott's Creek, commences on Saturday before the 3rd Sunday in September.

—On last Monday morning while Mat Stewart was driving to Salem to thresh wheat, one of his horses, in a playful way, kicked him on the leg, making a painful wound.

—A bunch of small keys was found by Sandy Grabs, the colored driver at Wilson's Hotel. Can be obtained on application to him, and on paying for this advertisement.

—Mrs. McGhehee, of Madison, Rockingham county, died suddenly on Saturday last, of heart disease. She was a relative of H. W. Barrow and John Stockton.

—Dr. I. T. Lemly, of Eldorado, Montgomery county, passed through town in company with a party of gentlemen on a visit to the Pilot. They left for home on Wednesday last.

—Not long since, while Jacob Shoaf was being drawn from a well which he had cleaned out, the chain broke letting him fall a distance of about five feet, but not seriously injuring him.

—On last Saturday a week a go Romulus Snider, of this county, turned his horse in a pasture with his cattle and one of his cows gored it so badly that it died almost instantly.

—Thieves have been visiting Calvin Hauser's corn patch, near the mill race, and stealing roasting ears. Cal is keeping a look out, and the thief will find his roasting ears rather expensive if caught.

Quite recently, in Davidson county, while a negro boy was driving John Thomas' team to the barn, they ran away, badly bruising the negro boy and a little son of Mr. Thomas. The horses broke apart and were not found until a day or two afterwards.

—A lost kitten, very *fine* specimen, has taken up quarters at N. T. Shore & Co's. From its looks one would suppose that it has been practicing Dr. Tanner's theory,—trying to live without eating. Owner respectfully invited to call, &c.

—Notwithstanding the large number of water melons daily brought to the two towns, the supply gave out early on Saturday night, thereby causing quite a number of persons to go without their Sunday melons.

—West street is getting a thorough cleaning up, the large crop of dog-fennel has been mown off, the gutters cleaned out, and all that now remains to give that street a respectable appearance, is to keep the stable doors facing it closed.

—J. G. Veach informs us that while in Yadkin county, recently, he saw five old gentlemen, two of whom have voted a straight out Democratic ticket for 50 years, and three the same ticket for 60 years. All five are confident of Gen. Hancock's election.

—Shuman Whitney, of Davidson county, got a little behind time sowing wheat last fall, commencing between Christmas and New Year, and finishing in January. He sowed one bushel and a half from which he cut 44 shock that made 24 bushels.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.—We are indebted to Scribner & Co. for advance copies of a new and beautifully printed and bound copy of the above Songs for the Sunday School and social worship. We can safely recommend it as good, new and sprightly, containing many entirely new songs. 192 pages, 372 hymns, 221 hymns and chants.

—We learn from the *Leader* that a number of citizens of Winston and Salem met in the Court-house, on Thursday night, and appointed a committee of three from each town to devise some plan to supply Winston with water. The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the Chairman.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District for the week ending Saturday, July 24th, 1880.

Monday	$2,835 90
Tuesday	2,175 39
Wednesday	5,031 45
Thursday	1,967 26
Friday	2,619 22
Saturday	2,629 33
Total	$17,258 55

—Blum's Almanas for 1881 is now in press and will be issued in September. A limited number of advertisements are solicited. The issue of this annual is larger than that of any periodical in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee or Georgia, and is found in the homes of many sections of the above named States, and extending as far as Texas and California in the South, and West and Northwest as far as Iowa, Kansas, Colorado, and the Indian Territories. Our local merchants should all at least have a card in it.

Taxable Property in Broadbay Township.

Assess of land, 14,490, value $72,120; town lots 54, value $17,597.

Number of horses 161, value $5,600; mules 43, value $1,705; goats 2, value $1; cattle 436, value $2,677; hogs 826, value $1,219; sheep 317, value $283.

Value of farming utensils, tools of mechanics, provisions, arms, libraries, &c., $9,327; money on hand; $5,122; solvent credits, $8,111; all other property, $2,217.

Total value of Real and Personal property, $127,649.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.—The following is in abstract of listed taxables in Davidson county. The total valuation of property subject to taxation is $2,373,519, upon which a tax is assessed:

For general purposes,	$2,848.22
For special "	2,848.22
For school "	4,546.49
For county "	9,371.68

The Commissioners having paid the last of the county debt in 1879, were enabled to reduce the county taxes this year $3,458.91, thus showing the good effects of Democratic rule in Davidson county.—*Lexington Exchange.*

DAVIDSON'S CENSUS.—Believing that the enumeration of the inhabitants of the county would be of interest to our readers, we give it by townships, and find the population to be as follows:

Lexington township	2,876
Cotton Grove "	1,603
Boone "	1,530
Tyro "	1,356
Yadkin "	816
Yadkin College "	560
Clemmonsville "	1,024
Arcadia "	871
Midway "	1,004
Abbott's Creek "	1,029
North Thomasville township	1,492
South Thomasville "	1,469
Conrad Hill township	1,218
Silver Hill "	960
Emmons "	1,097
Jackson Hill "	583
Alleghany "	640
Healing Springs township	655
Total population in county,	20,363

Lexington Exchange.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR AUGUST.—A pleasant feature of this vacation number of the boys' and girls' magazine is the profusely illustrated article, "A Happy Thought for Street Children." This details the working of the *Evening Post* "Fresh Air Excursions" under Mr. Willard Parsons, through whose efforts, seconded by willing farmer-families, thousands of city-worn little ones taste every year the delights of a summer fortnight in the country.

A Fool Once More.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich.

—The Zulus will figure in history as victims of a British version of the Monroe doctrine. "Manifest Destiny" compelled their subjection. And now, the Briton who every morning says: "Let us go out and kill something," already is at home in his new hunting-ground—the bush of Zululand. This jungly, flower-bespread, lion-haunted wilderness has been the scene of many startling adventures, but of none more strange and interesting than that which befell a small Scottish lassie some years ago, and which is described and illustrated in the August St. Nicholas.

A GOOD MILLER WANTED.

A good, experienced miller, capable of attending to a wheat and corn mill, can find employment by enquiring at this office.

July 29th 1880.

ICE CREAM.

PURE FRESH ICE CREAM, At MELLER'S OLD STAND.

CHEAP BOOKS.

MESSRS. L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Agents for the American Book Exchange, of New York:—I have already received 10 of the 21 volumes of Universal Knowledge, also 2 volumes of Kitte's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, and the copy of American Patriotism which you ordered for me. The 21 volumes of Universal Knowledge contain between 16,000 and 18,000 pages, 12 mo., nonpareil type. American Patriotism contains 674 duodecimo pages. The 2 volumes of Kitto 1,878 octavo pages,—all printed on fair paper, well bound in cloth, for the low price of $10.50, while other companies charge from three to five times this amount for the same books and say they cannot sell for less. It seems strange that the American Book Exchange can put up books at these rates, but they do it, and certainly they deserve patronage. Their books are no trashy literature, but are gotten up by authors of world-wide fame,—thus placing good books within the reach of all. Respectfully,

H. L. BECKERDITE.

Forsyth County S. S. Conventian.

The Forsyth County Sunday School Convention will meet in the Moravian Church, in this place, on the 3rd and 4th of August. We publish the programme in full below:

FIRST DAY—10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

HYMN.

Devotional Exercises.

Song of Welcome by Salem S. School.

Opening Address

By President of the Convention.

Reading of Minutes.

Enrolling of Delegates.

Report of the Executive Committee.

Report of Delegates to the State Convention.

Treasurer's Report.

Report of Sunday School Visitors.

HYMN.

2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

HYMN.

Statistical Report of the Secretary.

Exhibition of Sunday School Maps of the County.

Consideration of and Debate on the Reports.

HYMN.

PRAYER.

NIGHT SESSION—7½ O'CLOCK.

Entertainment by Salem Sunday School. Subject taken from the second part of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, "Christiana and her Children," with Scioptican Illustrations.

SECOND DAY—9 O'CLOCK, A. M.

HYMN.

Devotional Exercises.

HYMN.

Discussion on the Duties of Superintendents.

HYMN.

2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

HYMN.

Election of Officers.

Discussion on the Duties of Teachers.

HYMN.

NIGHT SESSION—7½ O'CLOCK.

Mass Meeting.

HYMN.

PRAYER.

Subjects for Discussion.—1st. How to promote the great aim of Sunday Schools, viz: tho conversion of scholars. 2nd. Responsibility of parents to the Sunday School.

HYMN.

PRAYER.

DOXOLOGY.

It promises to be an interesting and highly instructive occasion. We hope every School will be represented.

ROOT THEM OUT.

Worms are often caused by Liver Complaint. The mucus or slime which forms in ill health is where the worms produce their young. If nature is assisted to carry off this mucus the worms find no resting place. For children and adults Dr. Flagg's Improved Liver and Stomach Pad is the only sure cure and preventive. No medicine is used.

Pianos and Organs. Special Offer, Fall 1880. Cash Prices, with Three Months Credit.

Pianos and Organs "coming, 100,000 strong" by every steamer, to fill our mammoth **New Double Store,** (60 feet front, four stories high), from cellar to loft and supply the trade of the South. Just closed most advantageous contracts with leading Piano and Organ manufacturers. New Styles; New Prices; New Terms for fall trade 1880. **Special Offer to Cash Buyers**—*During months of Aug., Sept. and Oct. we will sell at Lowest Cash Prices, payable $25 Cash on Pianos or $10 Cash on Organs with balance in three months without interest.* New Pianos $165, $190, $237. New Organs, 5 stops, $50, 9 Stoys, $59. Selection from 10 makers and 165 different Styles. Lowest prices in America. Guaranteed instruments. 15 days trial. Every inducement that any responsible house can offer on standard instruments. Send for Fall 1880 Special Offers. Address **Ludden & Bates' Southern Music House, Savanah, Ga.**

July 29, 1880. 4w.

DIED.

In this county, quite lately, infant of Lewis and Lucy Cook.

In Davidson county, near Abbott's Creek, on the 22nd inst., Miss SUSANNA WEAVIL, aged upward of 80 years.

Lately, at Summerfield, Guilford county, Mrs. SALLIE BLAIR, A. B., wife of F. S. Blair, Principal of Summerfield High School, and daughter of Col. Joseph Hoskins, of Guilford. The deceased, with her husband, were, for a few sessions, Principals of Davidson High School, at Teaguetown.

Near Hope, Ind., on Thursday, July 15th, MARY MATILDA, wife of Lewis Essex, in the 70th year of her age. — Mrs. Essex was the daughter of the late Daniel Ziegler, one of the original members of the Hope Church, and she was present at its organization, fifty years ago. She was born near Friedberg, N. C., from whence her parents emigrated to Indiana.

NEW BOOK.—Send 50 cents to Messrs. E. J. Hale & Son, 17 Murray street, New York, and get "Who is Your Wife?" Just published.

STATE NEWS.

—Mr. V. Ramseur, Catawba county, made 74 bushels of wheat on 9 acres; 65½ bushels on 13 acres; 41 bushels on 6 acres, and 43½ bushels on 6 acres. The land cultivated was fallow, stubble and stock, and was well manured.

The Postoffice Department has issued orders for the establishment of money order offices on Monday, August 22nd, next, at Shoe Heel, Webster, Whitakers, Whiteville and Winton, North Carolina.

The Salisbury *Watchman* says a most destructive hail storm visited the China Grove section of Rowan county on the 15th. In the track of the cloud much damage was done to corn and cotton, both being totally destroyed in some instances. Ducks and chickens were killed by the hail stones, and it is said that if the hail had all lain it would have been 15 inches deep.

—The Greensboro *Patriot* says that the New Garden Agricultural Society will hold its third grand public fruit fair at the fair grounds near new Garden Station, on the North Western North Carolina Railroad, on Saturday the 7th day of August next. The Society offers premiums on apples, peaches, pears, plums, grapes, watermelons, muskmellons, tomatoes and flowers; and competition is desired and invited from every section.

—The North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends, says the Greensboro *Patriot*, will be held at Friendsville, Tenn., commencing Wednesday, August 11th. When notice was given last year that there would be no Yearly Meeting held at New Garden this fall, people of other denominations seemed to regret it quite as much as their own members, for it has usually been looked forward to with pleasant anticipations by many, and to supply in some degree this want, it was agreed to hold at New Garden a general meeting, beginning Friday, October 29th.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 25 to $1 25
Wheat, (red) " "	1 00 to 1 00
Corn, per bushel,	65 to 70
Oats, " "	40 to 50
Rye, " "	90 to 1 00
Barley, per bush	75 to 80
Flour, per hundred,	3 25 to 3 75
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	55 to 60
Peas, (white,) " "	65 to 75
Beans, (col'd,) " "	40 to 60
Beans, (white,) " "	75 to 90
Onion Setts, per bushel,	00 to 00
Pork,	6 to 10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	8 to 10
Hams	10 to 00
Green Apples per bushel,	40 to 50
Eggs, per dozen,	10 to 12½
Butter, per pound,	15 to 20
Tallow, " "	7 to 8
Beeswax, " "	20 to 00
Flax Seed, per bushel,	1 00 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	50 to 75
Potatoes, sweet, " "	60 to 75
Cabbage, per pound,	1½ to 2
Chickens, per dozen,	1 20 to 2 25
Hay, per hundred,	50 to 60
Fodder, per hundred bdls.,	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs.,	00 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

REPORTED BY A. B. GORRELL.

Winston, N. C., July, 28, 1880.

Lugs, Common green	3 00 to 4 00
" Sound red	4 50 to 5 50
" Bright,	6 50 to 8 00
" Good bright,	9 00 to 11 00
" Fine fancy, bright,	12 00 to 20 00
Leaf Common dark,	5 00 to 6 50
" Good dark,	7 00 to 8 50
" " sweet waxy fillers,	9 00 to 11 50
" Common bright;	7 00 to 9 00
" Good,	10 00 to 12 00
Wrappers, Common,	12 00 to 14 00
" Good bright,	18 00 to 22 50
" Fine	25 00 to 35 00
" Fancy,	40 00 to 45 50
" Good leafy,	30 00 to 40 00
" Fine	45 00 to 65 00

Breaks continue small. The bulk of the crop has been delivered. Prices have given away for all grades except good and fine mahogany wrappers and fine and fancy smokers.

CHARLOTTE, July, 22.—Flour $3 05 a $3.25, Wheat 1 00 1a10. Corn 65 a 70. Oats 45 a 00. Bacon 7¼ a 8. Potatoes, sweet, $0 00 a 0. 00.

NEW YORK, July. 25 -Flour 5 25 a 6 10 Wheat $1 15 a $1 20. Corn 46 a 50. Oats 30 35.

aCINCINNATI, July. 25.-Wheat 0 97 a 1 02; Corn 40 a 00; Oats, 30 a 00; Flour, $4 80 a 5 00.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as Administrator on the estate of Eli Lash, deceased, on the 27th day of July, 1880, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said Eli Lash, to make immediate payment and settlement to me, or the claims will be put in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me on or before the 1st day of August, 1881, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK,
Public Adm'r of Forsyth County.

July 27th, 1880.—6t.

IN ITS 17th VOLUME.

THE RALEIGH NEWS.

P. M. HALE, - - - Editor.
E. L. POLK, - Corresponding Editor.
DDWARDS, BROUGHTON & Co., Business Managers.

A N. C. Democratic Journal.

Daily and Weekly.

TERMS:

Daily, 1 year,	$7 00	Weekly 1 year,	$2 00
" 6 mos.,	3 50	" 6 mos.	1 00
" 3 mos.,	1 75		

Address, THE RALEIGH NEWS, Raleigh, N. C.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted every where to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Addres TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

CHICKERING PIANOS

Other Pianos wear out

BUT THEY GO ON FOREVER.

VICTORS in all great contests and for 52 years past the acknowledged Standard of the World. Musical Perfection, Wonderful Durability and Reasonable Cost. True economy indicates purchase of a genuine Chickering and no other.

LAST CHANCE TO BUY CHEAP

Chickering & Sons largely advanced their prices Feb. 1. Our old contracts expire April 1, and we will fill all orders received before that date at old rates. Our prices now are positively the lowest in America. Order now and save from $25 to $[illegible] on the purchase. Present rates guaranteed only to April 1.

LUDDEN & BATES, Savannah, Ga.
Wholesale Agents for Ga., Fla., S. C., N. C., & Ala.

PERRY DAVIS'

VEGETABLE

PAIN KILLER

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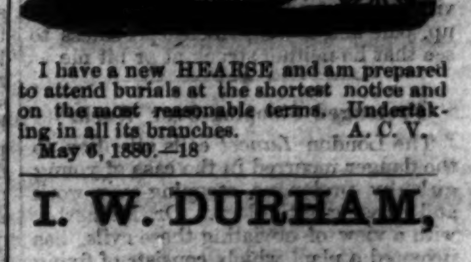

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

MUCH of the oil sold as olive oil is made from cotton seed.

THE injury done by insects in the the United States is estimated at $200,000,000.

MEXICO, with its vast and productive territory, has only 585 miles of railway in operation.

THE quantity of cotton consumed in the world in 1878 was 54 times greater than 1778.

IN all Europe and America 53,631 breweries produce yearly 3,480,000,000 gallons of beer.

THE gross income derived from tobacco by the farmers of the United States is about $22,000,000.

THE honey crop of 1879 was reckoned a light one, although it has been estimated at 25,000,000 pounds.

PRESIDENT CHADBOURNE, of Williams College, has resolved to deny college aid to any student who is caught smoking.

OBSERVING men have noticed that the hair on the forehead of a chimpanzee is always parted in the middle.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE credit of raising the first pansy is said to be due to Lady Mary Bennett, who had a garden on Walton-on-Thames, England, in 1810.

SETH GREEN says that if the State would only protect the fish it plants, there could in a few years be five fish a day for each person. Well, who wants five fish a day?

IN 1879 the total exports of butter were 43,500,000 pounds, against 26,500,000 in 1878, being an increase of 17,000,000 pounds. In cheese the exports of 1879 were 3,000,000 pounds less than 1878.

GEN. HATCH hasn't killed a great many Indians thus far this season, but he has been over a heap of ground and discovered twenty-one different species of grasshoppers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MANY classes are always praising the bygone time, for it is natural that the old should extol the days of their youth; the weak the area of their strength; the sick the season of their vigor; and the disappointed the springtide of their hopes.—*Bingham.*

THE best case of absent-mindedness of which we have lately heard was that of a Heidelberg professor. While he was crossing a street, a watering-cart let its flood loose upon him. The professor quietly raised his umbrella and walked two blocks before he discovered that the sun was shining brightly.

A WELL-DRESSED man is going about the country claiming to be deeply interested in the cause of temperance. He calls at a farmhouse, presents a pledge for the farmer to sign, and when this is done produces another card, similar in appearance, to which he also desires that the signature be affixed, "in order to keep a correct memorandum of his work." The second card is a sight note for any amount the swindler may see fit to demand. Look out for him?—*Troy Times.*

UNTIL recently, says the London *Engineer*, the large demand for lithographic stone in England and in the United States has been chiefly supplied from Germany. It is now, however, stated that Canada will probably contribute a considerable share of this trade, the quarries of Marmora yielding a stone as suitable for lithographic purposes as that obtained in Germany. The stone has been tested by practical lithographers, and the results are said to have been completely successful.

THE total field army for Germany will for the future consist of 503 infantry battalions, 93 cavalry squadrons, 340 batteries of field artillery, 53 companies of engineers, 26 companies of railway engineers, with a total strength of 694,774 men. To these forces must be adjoined 43,000 men belonging to the commissariat department, 5,170 to the different higher staff corps, 2,326 men of different branches, and 25,976 men belonging to the sanitary, post, and telegraphic services. The total strength of the field army will therefore be 771,748 men.

A Horse That Enjoyed a Joke.

Horses have a sense and a fair understanding of what fun is. I had one once that objected seriously to being caught up again after he had been turned into pasture, and he would give all the trouble he possibly could. If I took the halter and attempted to catch him he would let me come right close to him, but just as I was about to throw the strap around his neck he would lower his head, throw up his heels and dart off, looking back to see whether I followed. After his repeating this manœuver half a dozen times, I would turn to leave in disgust and walk rapidly away. Then compunction always seized the horse, and he would come trotting up behind me, set his teeth carefully in the sleeve of my dress and jerk at it, as much as to say: "There, can't you take a joke? I was only in fun, and I'm ready to come with you now."

And it takes only so short a time to make a horse love you and lose all fear of you. At one time I was acquainted with a horse in Alameda whose reputation for gentleness did not equal his beauty. He was a large handsome bay; and when I first approached his keeper, a big burly English hostler, with the purpose of taming the horse, and with a handful of sugar, he refused to let me go near him. "Couldn't allow it noways, miss," he said, "that 'orse would bite your 'and right off if you 'eld it out to him with sugar." I persevered, however. "The 'orse didn't bite my 'and right off," but took his sugar like a lamb; and in less than two weeks from that time he would whinny and paw the ground with impatience if he heard my voice in the stable and I did not go directly to him. To be sure, he had nearly squeezed me to death against the side of his stall; but it was sheer good will and affection, not viciousness; for William, who had hurried up, pale and scared, stood speechless to see that he neither struck at or bit me.

Prolonged Stooping-Over Work.

The London *Lancet* calls attention to the danger incurred in the case of young girls by prolonged stooping-over work and crossing of the legs. Dr. Malherbe, with a view of obviating these evils, has invented a plan which consists of fixing to the edge of an ordinary table a sort of cushion, on which the work can be easily fastened or spread out, as on the knee. A framework of the simplist description admits of the raising or lowering of this cushion, so that work may be done sitting or standing, but in either case the vertebral column is maintained perfectly straight, while the facility of change of position greatly lessens fatigue. To test the invention, Dr. Malherbe introduced it at the Communal School of Nantes, and with good effect on two pupils, who had a tendency to malformation.

A COLORED minister, who has been suspended until after the next annual conference, has opened a barber shop in Washington, Pa., in which position he will be able to shave more sinners.

How the Widow Stewart Lives.

When I came past Mrs. Stewart's marble mansion, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, the other night, I thought that no tomb could be quieter; there was but one apartment lit up, to all appearances, and in the moonlight of the evening the place seemed indeed a "whitened sepulcher," given over to ghouls and private watchmen. One of the latter genus is on special duty every night, and makes his rounds as a precaution against fire or robbers, from 6 o'clock p. m. till early morning. Since Stewart died, the bed-chamber wherein he breathed his last has been unoccupied, the widow preferring to climb one flight of stairs rather than sleep in a room full of such mournful associations. She resides alone, attended only by servants, and everything goes up to the third story, where her room now is. On the second floor there is only one bedroom—that in which the merchant prince died—the rest of the apartments consisting of a library and living rooms. Mrs. Stewart has discarded mourning habiliments altogether, although she is eighty years of age, and goes to dinner parties attired in garnet velvet and wearing diamonds that flashed so that a guest said the other evening that no electric lights are needed where the widow Stewart is present. Her diamond solitaire ear-rings are not only twenty-two carats fine, but are remarkable from the fact of their being without flaw; they are literally "gems of purest ray serene." Mrs. Stewart has also prided herself on her figure, which is indeed very youthful and well proportioned, and now she looks younger than ever because of wearing a coiffure made in one piece by a skillful manufacturer of wigs, who has studied the most becoming to the perennial Cornelia. Mrs. Stewart is a woman of much goodness of heart, but she has certain weaknesses in respect to dressing more youthfully than a person should at her time of life. However, she is mistress of her own actions. I saw her tripping along on Judge Hilton's arm at Saratoga last summer. They had been dining with a party, including Mrs. Stewart's niece, Mrs. Smith, of Long Island, at the Windsor Hotel, and were returning thence to the Grand Union. Mrs. Stewart had already relinquished crape and bombazine for flounces and white flowers and other insignia of half-mourning, and did not appear altogether inconsolable. She is very near-sighted, but otherwise seems as little like a woman of four score as can be imagined. She told a friend the other day that her late husband's remains had never been found, the impression to the contrary, notwithstanding. — *New York Correspondence of the Pittsburg Telegraph.*

A Case of Mother-in-Law.

A handsome-looking young girl, named Sophia Richards, who was crying bitterly, appeared in the Essex Market Police Court this morning against her husband, Frank, a young man, whom she charged with abandonment.

"Oh, Judge," said the young wife, "my husband refuses to live with me. Oh, what will I do?"

"What did you do to him?" said Justice Otterbourg?"

"Nothing at all, Judge. I did not do anything to him," said the wife.

"What have you to say to the charge, young man?" said the Court to the prisoner.

"Judge," said the husband, "I am willing to live with my wife. The whole trouble is this: When we were married my wife and I lived with her parents. Judge, I could not stand the abuse from her mother, and I left the house. I wanted my wife to leave with me, but she refused to leave her mother."

"How long have you been married?" said his Honor.

"About six months," said the husband.

"How old are you?" said the Court.

"I am twenty years old, and my wife is eighteen years of age," said the prisoner.

"Can you support your wife?" said his Honor.

"Judge, I am a piano-maker, and I earn between $15 and $30 a week. I have hired apartments and fixed them up with furniture, and I am waiting for my wife."

"She shan't live with him; I won't allow it," said an excited-looking woman, with sour-looking features, as she approached the bar.

"Who are you?" said Judge Otterbourg.

"I am the girl's mother, that's what I am. He shall not live with her; that—"

"Stop!" said his Honor; "that young man has an honest face. I believe you are to blame in this. Now, young woman," said the Court to the young girl, "are you willing to leave your mother and live with your husband?"

"Yes, sir, I am!" she said, as she brushed away the tears from her eyes.

"Frank, you are discharged. Try to make your wife happy, and she will make you a good wife; and," said the Court, "if that woman troubles you, come here and I'll send her to the Island."—*New York Telegram.*

Canadian Weather.

Mr. H. G. Vennor, of Montreal, whose boldness in weather predictions has brought him into such prominence, says that the extreme cold of Canada is almost always produced by a wind blowing from a point to the north of west. Such a wind is both cold and dry. Being dry, in passing along it imbibes moisture rapidly, causing cold. Being also cold, it quickly absorbs heat from the surface of the earth; and, when this continues for several hours of any day, and toward sunset it becomes calm, we then usually have the lowest state of the thermometer. In Canada, these extremes of cold usually last about three days; the nor'wester beginning about noon of one day, blowing fiercely for that afternoon, becoming almost calm in the evening—then a cold night. Next day the wind is not so high, but still from a northwesterly point. Again, toward sunset, there is a calm, with the thermometer more or less below zero. In the morning, it may be observed that the force of the cold is breaking. If the wind veers round to a point south of west, there will be a few flurries of snow, very threatening in appearance, but amounting to very little in reality, no snow-storms of consequence coming from the west. If, on the other hand, the wind passes to the east, several hours of bitter cold may be expected, followed by a general snowstorm lasting from twenty to thirty hours.

LET all remember that there are three things that cannot be trusted together in driving up cows from the pasture or prairie range, viz., a pony, boy and dog. In our boyhood days, such a thing as riding on horseback to "drive up the cows" was unknown. Cows should never be driven above a slow walk; slow enough that they will chew their cud all the way home from the pasture to the yard.

OF all the products of the soil, none are so prolific in seed as weeds; 60,000 seeds have been counted upon one mullein stalk.

Dr. Potts' Experiment Failed.

Old Dr. Potts, of San Francisco, and who is an enthusiast in his profession, is the originator of the theory that much disease is transmitted to human beings through eating the flesh of immature animals, such as calves, in the early spring. As this theory was disputed by some of his contemporary M. D.'s, Dr. Potts determined to make some useful experiments before giving to the world his discovery. He accordingly purchased a six-months' calf—one of the kind that appear to be built on stilts—and, as the doctor had no back yard to speak of, he had the brevet cow placed in the cellar, where he supposed to mix the weeds in question among its food for a few days prior to its being converted into test cutlets, so to speak. The China boy was bribed not to mention the calf's presence to the other members of the household, who, it happened, had been absent while the quadruped was being secretly let down through the coal-hole by the butcher. To prevent its bleating the doctor had wedged a stout leather muzzle on its nose.

That night the doctor was awakened by Mrs. Potts, who sat up in bed and gasped in a horror-stricken voice: "Gracious heavens! Archibald, don't you hear that singular noise down stairs?"

The calf had evidently gotten the muzzle about half off, and was making a peculiar sound, resembling a small foghorn tortured by remorse, but Old Potts stammered out that he couldn't hear anything in particular.

"Not hear anything, Dr. Potts? Are you deaf? Just listen to that! It's just blood-curdling."

"Perhaps it's rats," hazarded the miserable physician.

"Rats, Dr. Potts! Are you insane? Did you ever hear rats wailing like a lost soul in purgatory?"

"Well, not exactly like it," said the doctor, soothingly, "but perhaps—"

"I can't stand it a moment longer. I shall go wild if you don't go down and see what's the matter. It's my belief that burglars are trying to murder Ah Wrong."

"Well, my dear, if you insist, I—"

But just then there came a sudden jerk at the bell and a terrible hammering at the front door. The doctor put up the window and beheld a delegation of about fifty half-dressed neighbors with four police officers in their midst.

"Is he dead yet?" asked one of the crowd as the doctor poked his head out.

"Is who dead?" asked the doctor, much astonished.

"Why, your brother, down there in the cellar. Didn't you tell us your brother had made a big strike in stocks, and was coming to stay with you this week?" asked Didimus, the Doctor's next door neighbor.

"Why yes! What of it?"

"You cold-blooded villian. Do you suppose no one heard you murdering him in the cellar just now? By Jove, he is not dead yet—he's groaning still. Just listen!"

"If you don't lemme in I'll bust the door down!" said one of the police.

"Oh, Archibald! to think that you should turn out to be a murderer!" gasped Mr. Potts going into hysterics. Old Potts was too mad to utter a word. He just walked down stairs in his night-cap, admitted the whole crowd, conducted it to the cellar stairs, handed the policeman a candle, and told him to go ahead. He then went up stairs and waited results.

Of course the calf made a break for the light as soon as he saw it. The big officer holding it was upset by a terrible but in the stomach, the candle went out, and, amid the rattling of the coal and the unearthly yells of the crowd, the celler began to vomit forth hatless, grimy, and disgusted men.

When they had all gone, Old Potts quietly descended, locked the door up again, tied a sponge full of chloroform round the calf's nose, resusciated Mrs. P., and then returned gloomily to his dreams of science.

Oh! Those Fleas!

"A suffering reader" inquires how to get rid of fleas. That is a question which would have puzzled Solomon, with all his wisdom. There is a mystery connected with fleas which has never been solved. From whence they come and whither they go, no one can tell. The subject is a lively one, and I have never been able to keep up with it. I have seen more interest displayed in a research for a flea than was ever invested in scientific research. Indeed, there is a science in catching fleas which few possess, and which can be acquired only after long and lively practice. If you would succeed, you must give the whole of your mind to it and be resolved to bear disappointment bravely and cheerfully. Last summer the question was asked through the Cincinnati *Gazette*, "What shall I do to get rid of fleas?" and and a lady replied, "Clean up; none but dirty people have fleas." The inexperience of that lady is refreshing. She evidently has not seen all the world yet. Fleas are not respectors of persons. My theory is that people who live on high, dry, or sandy ground are more liable to be troubled with fleas than those who live on low, flat ground. My grandmother was once grievously tormented with fleas four or five summers, and she was the sworn enemy of dirt. She took up her carpets and laid them away during summer, and mopped kitchen, sitting-room, and bed-room floors with boiling water once a day. This gave relief, but did not cure the evil. I would advise those afflicted to use a little carbolic acid in the hot water for mopping. Some dark night gather all your cats up and drop them gently into the back yard of a distant neighbor. Take your dog to the creek and hold him three feet under water for one hour and a half; that will drown the fleas on him. Sheep in the yard may be a good idea; it might also be a good idea to take them into the house. Try these remedies, and if they fail, you can burn the house; that is a sure way to kill fleas, and about the only sure way.—*Dolly Varden.*

President Hayes' Wife.

A lady writes to the New York *Independent:* As so much is said and written about the temperance principles of our President's wife, I would like to present another phase of her character, as an example for the women of our land to follow.

During an acquaintance with her for the last twenty-five years, I have never heard her speak ill of any one. I once asked her how this came about, that she was so guarded in this respect, when I knew she was tempted as much as any one to use her tongue to the detriment of others. She said, in reply, that at night, before going to sleep, her husband would say to her, "Now, have we said anything against any one to-day?"

I know this is entering the privacy of the home-circle of the long ago; but, as she is now in such a conspicious place, I cannot forbear to use my knowledge for the general good. She herself may never think of possessing this trait, and may not remember this remark of hers to me; but years have not effaced it from my mind.

The Fiend and His Lawn-Mower.

"Whir-r-r-r?"

Blast him!

"Zz-z-z-z!"

Blast him again!

"Rr-rr-rr-rr-rr!"

Turn over in bed and vow that you will shoot his hens, poison his dog, and leave fish bones where his cat will find them and choke to death.

Why?

Why, that triple-plated, bomb-proof, iron-casted and hard-hearted next-door man, who went to bed at sundown for no other purpose than to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and gallop his old lawn-mower around!

"Rattle! Whirr! Bang! Rr-rr-rr!"

Oh, he's there. He simply stopped for a moment to spit on his hands and get ready for a new twist. Just 5 by the bells, and some fool of a doctor has told him that the morning air is good for him. He knows that he is disturbing every man, woman and child within a block of him, but what does he care?

"Clickety-te-clickety-click!"

There he goes. He's got his coat off, his pants in his boot-legs, and he's thinking how nice it would be to live in the country and canter around over the dewwet sward. Country be hanged! Lawn-mowers and next-door neighbors be hanged! The man who sold him that lawn-mower warranted it to be noiseless. Just remember that when you get to shooting. Noiseless, oh, yes!

"M-m-m-m! Bur-r-r-r! Z-z-z!"

The baby wakes up with a howl. Why shouldn't he? Can a baby stand more than a horse? Everybody wakes up. If you think people can sleep on and dream of the gates of heaven while a man is pounding sheet iron with a hammer you have lived in vain.

"G-u-r—!"

Good. His old machine has struck a stone. Hope the contact has wrenched off every wheel, twisted every spring out of place, and flung the villain head over heels against the fence! Nobody but a villain would have a lawn to mow in the first place, and nobody but a mutton-head would go slashing around on an empty stomach in this malarious climate. His health? What is his health compared with the peace of his neighbors? Who cares whether he gets fat and lives on, or grows lean and dies? He ought—!"

"Clickety-te-click-click-click-click!"

There he goes, the old machine making more noise than ever! Hit him with a brick. No, don't do it. Such a man as that couldn't appreciate a decent clip on the ear with a missile made by human hands. Draw a bead on him with a shotgun? Never! Keep your ammunition for owls. Owls have sense enough to stick by the roost until 7 o'clock. Argue with him? Not much; you couldn't convince such a man that he ought to be run over by a drove of Texan steers any more than you could make a Turk believe that he ought to pay 100 cents on a dollar.

"Gur-g-g-g! z-z-z-z! Bang! Rattle-r-r! Rip."

Let him alone! There is a Providence and that Providence sometimes gives a villain rope to play with, just to see him squirm when he is brought up with a sharp turn. That mower may explode. If not, the morning air will bring on sore throat, toothache, neuralgia and colds. May he have them all jump in on him at once and stand by him like an Indian's memory, and may every neighbor whom he has disturbed by his villainous noise grow fat and sleek and rich and live to beat him for the only office he ever cared for!—*Detroit Free Press.*

A French Romance

Eleven years ago a young Frenchman, Gilbert by name, and a very ardent Republican, fell in love with the daughter of an Imperialist, and as the father of the girl refused his consent to the marriage the young couple determined to commit suicide. They repaired to a small town near Paris, and Gilbert, after shooting his betrothed, attempted to blow his own brains out. In neither case did the wounds prove mortal, and the war breaking out soon afterward, Gilbert was not prosecuted, as he had left Paris, to serve in the Army of the Loire. He returned to Paris at the outbreak of the Commune, served in the National Gaurd, was made prisoner when the Versailles troops entered the city, and transported to New Caledonia. During his absence his betrothed had been induced by her father to marry a wealthy merchant, and she is now the mother of a numerous family, her husband having had no suspicion of the antecedent events. Gilbert was included in the amnesty granted a few months ago, and he returned to Paris the other day only to be arrested on the charge of attempted homicide. It appears however, that the trial will not be brought to an issue, the public prosecuter being of opinion that the proceedings cannot be carried on without putting into the witness-box the lady whom Gilbert attempted to kill. To do this would be to blast her character, and perhaps to bring about her separation from her husband, and so the Minister of Justice has authorized the public prosecuter to desist from further proceedings.

An Empress' Life.

Madame de Remusat, in her *Memoirs* just published, introduces us to the inner life of Napoleon's court. She shows us Josephine, Napoleon's first wife, as she was, not as biographers have sketched her. No girl need be under the illusion that the Empress' life is to be coveted.

Josephine knew little happiness in her lofty station, for she lived not for its duties, but for its pleasures. The routine of court life was monotonous and wearisome, and her personal life was frivolous and far from being pure. The *Memoirs* says:

"She never opened a book, she never took up a pen, she neverworked scarcely at all."

Though without literary tastes, she was extravagantly fond of dress and display. "She rose at nine o'clock. Dressing was a long process, and a portion of it was devoted to minute personal embellishments, including paint. She changed every article of her attire three times a day, and never wore any but new stockings. It would be impossible to name the sums she spent on clothes of every kind. In every fashionable shop of Paris there was always something being made for her."

Her charm was her winning manners and amiable disposition. "But she could never conform in her own manner of life to order or to etiquette," or keep within the limits of her purse. Her personal allowance was a hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year, but she was perpetually running in debt, and incurring sharpe rebukes from the Emperor for her extravagance.

Wendell Phillips well remarks in one of his lectures that "no man or woman is truly great for whose private life you have to make some allowance."

MR. SMITH, who has to lug a scuttle of coal upstairs three times a day, reads with prospective joy the announcement that the coal-fields of the world will be exhausted in 2,000 years.

SOME men can't take cold without blowing about it.

The Heated Term—Where to Spend It.

The season of summer jaunts is now upon us, and many of our readers are debating the question of where they shall go to spend the heated term. Not the mere fact of going to the country to board constitutes anything worthy the name of recreation. The locality might be unhealthy, the food badly cooked and served, and the society anything but cheerful or agreeable; while a dearth of amusements would cause the suffering loiterer to almost die of *ennui.* What one needs is a cool, bracing atmosphere, pleasant accommodations and surroundings, refined and cheerful society, and varied means of amusement, including walks, drives, fishing, boating, archery, ten-pins, billiards, music and dancing. Then the character of the food, and the manner in which it is served, should be stimulating to the appetite and digestion, and promotive of that good humored complacency that makes one feel satisfied with existence. Above all, the situation should be such that the nights will be cool and pleasant, removing by their tonic influence, the debilitating effects of the daily heat. All these desiderata are within easy reach of our readers, and at an exceptionally reasonable cost. The location, surroundings, and management of Bailey Springs, Alabama, enable them to offer to the summer tourist, health-giving waters, an excellent table, all the popular amusements, and the most refined and unpretending society in the South; while the reduction in price of board, and excursion rates on the railroads make it a matter of actual economy to spend the summer there. For forty years these waters have sustained an unrivaled reputation for the cure of dropsy, scrofula, dyspepsia, gout, gravel, diseases of the skin and kidneys, diseases peculiar to women, and diseases of nutrition and debility. Those desiring further information should drop a postal card to Ellis & Co., Bailey Springs, Alabama, requesting circulars, as they will doubtless be pleased to answer all inquiries.—*Jackson (Miss.) Clarion.*

A FIREMAN on a Minnesota railroad engine climbed out on the pilot, at the risk of his life, and rescued a man who was lying on the track—a man of straw, which mischievous boys had placed there.

We often wondered what induced Dr. Bull to invent his celebrated Baby Syrup, but we understand now, that he was a married man.

THE deaths of letters in post-offices are uncalled for.

Ulcerative weaknesses and debilitating humors of females cured by Malt Bitters.

THE Turkish Minister at Washington went home because he couldn't get enough salary to pay board.

Mount Vernon Place Church, Rev. W. P. Harrison, D.D

CHAPLAIN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, (Pastor's Office, 1,003 Ninth St., N. W.) WASHINGTON, D. C., June 21, 1880.

I have had opportunity to observe the action of WOOLLEY'S OPIUM ANTIDOTE in several cases, and I take pleasure in testifying to its merits, as a prompt, agreeable and permanent escape from one of the most terrible calamities that can afflict the human race. I have no doubt that it deserves all that has been said of it by those who have been delivered from the bondage of the Opium Habit. The proprietor is a Christian gentleman, whose uprightness and reliability are known far and wide.

W. P. HARRISON.

To MAJ. B. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

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Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper headed, "On 30 Days' Trial."

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VEGETINE is not a stimulating bitters which creates a fictitious appetite, but a gentle tonic which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

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Answer This.

Did you ever know any person to be ill, without inaction of the Stomach, Liver or Kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure? Ask your neighbor this same question.—*Times.*

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If you are suffering from a combination of liver or kidney diseases, and constipation, do not fail to try the celebrated Kidney Wort. It is a dry compound, as easily prepared as a cup of coffee.

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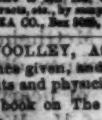

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